

## BOCHE GUNNERS LEND ZEST TO HOLIDAY NIGHT

Star Shells Light Way for  
Washington's Birthday  
Party Guests

### GUNNERS RACE INTO LINES

Journey Through Modern Pompeii  
Leads Squarely Across Bull's  
Eye of Hun Target

### FOUR NATIONS DRINK TOAST

Frenchman, Italian and Briton Join  
In Honoring Memory of  
Republic's Father

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING  
1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R. Staff Correspondent of  
THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thanks to motor transportation, a  
correspondent for THE STARS AND  
STRIPES had the chance to attend two  
Washington's Birthday parties the same  
evening. One, in the brightly lighted  
dining room of a little French hotel  
back of the front. Another, under murky  
skies, in the American first line  
trenches.

The party in the hotel was conventional,  
but none the less picturesque. Half  
a dozen American officers, three  
young fellows in uniforms of horizon  
blue, two Italians and a stocky, good-  
natured Briton got to their feet and  
clinked glasses to the toast:

"Washington, Father of His Country."

The toast had to be translated to the  
Italians via one of the French officers.  
The Briton drank it first before they knew  
what it was all about; then, again,  
and heartier—after they understood.  
This, of course, added to the merriment.  
The Briton then rose to confess that this  
was the first time he had ever tasted  
George Washington. And that, natu-  
rally, called for another round.

### Madame Smiles and Knits On

There was only one woman in the  
room, an elderly French Madame sitting  
at a little table alone and knitting. She  
looked up and smiled; then back to her  
stitches.

Outside it was chilly and raining. A  
single ray of yellow light filtered on to  
the wet pavement through the hotel  
sutters.

The press automobile, with dimmed  
lights, crept through the crooked streets  
to the outskirts of town and brought up  
beside a sentry box. There instructions  
were given that no lights should be  
shown and no motor horns sounded.

Along a long lonesome road lined with  
a double row of tall silhouetted trees, we  
set off for the front.

For an hour we had the road all to  
ourselves. The hum of the engine and  
the spatter of rain drops on the wind  
shield made the only sound.

Presently, a camion loomed up in the  
road and chugged past; then a rumbling  
train of ammunition wagons.

"Our boys," commented the driver,  
"can tell 'em by the helmets."

All of a sudden, out of the murk,  
something rushed by on our right, and  
something else, in the same direction,  
on our left. Zssst! Zssst! and both were  
gone.

"Our boys again," the driver chuckled.  
Just racing. I guess."

The fireflies of the War

By this time we had reached a crest  
from which we could see a long distance  
beyond. Dead ahead, some tiny lights,  
like fireflies, were flashing.

"Those are the big guns," the driver  
explained. He paused; then whistled,  
"Lots of 'em tonight. Something on, I  
guess. Like as not they're celebrating  
the holiday."

Not until we pulled up at brigade  
headquarters could we hear the reverberations.  
In the closed car, with the  
motor churning, the front had seemed  
noiseless. But the moment the engine  
stopped and the door of the car was flung  
open, the air suddenly became a roar.

You have heard the same sort of sound  
when a telephone line goes awry.

We broke out our gas masks, donned  
our helmets and reported at headquar-  
ters. Two minutes later we were hum-  
ming along on the road again.

We brought up at the end of the ride  
in the center of what once had been a  
village square. What used to be a town  
was now a few jagged walls and some  
heaps of debris. Four men came out of  
the blackness of a ruined house to meet  
us. Two were Army officers; two, news-  
paper correspondents.

"Hurry!" cautioned the conductor of  
the party. "This square is likely any  
time to be shelled again. Things have  
been rather lively around here this  
evening."

"A Job To Our Liking"

Along a muddy road, pocked with  
shell fire and occasionally as light as day  
from German star shells, we tramped  
in extended order until we came to another  
clump of ruins.

What seemed to be one of the most  
badly wrecked places of all—roofless and  
apparently about to crumble into a heap  
—sheltered our reception hall. In a little  
low-ceilinged place hidden in a corner  
of the ruin, we met the commander of  
the part of the line which we were about  
to visit. Less than an hour before our  
arrival a Boche shell had knocked a  
ton or more of debris down upon the  
bridge timbers of the ceiling and had  
dug up a big hole close by in the back  
yard.

Except for the fact that the concus-  
sion had put the office door out of com-  
mission and had jarred most of the fur-  
nishings down on the deck, nothing  
had been affected. And, quite literally,  
nobody was losing any sleep over it. The  
runner who was to announce our "tour-  
ists" was fast asleep in his bunk in an  
adjoining room and had to make his  
evening dressing arrangements before he  
was presentable for company.

Meanwhile, the officers of the unit  
told us how pleased they were with the  
morale of their men. After the hard  
work of preparation back of the lines—  
so arduous that some of the boys had

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## AUSTRALIA TO UNCLE SAM

"Say, how do, old clobber, give us  
yer mit!  
Pleased to meet you I certainly  
am;  
We can now pull together in doing  
our bit."  
Said the Aussie to proud Uncle  
Sam.

"We've both got some stars on our  
banners, you know,  
And I guess that our blood's the  
same hue,  
And the old Southern Cross shin-  
ing under below  
Sends a warm greeting ray out  
to you."

"We are absolute glad that you've  
joined in the fray,  
And have jerryed to Fritz's true  
light.  
You can rest quite assured—on the  
odds I will lay—  
Now he's up against something  
to fight."

"We've seen lots of scrapping these  
three years of war,  
And we've stouped him—yes,  
time after time—  
And with your mighty help I guess  
he'll feel sore  
When he's knocked back to hell  
o'er the Rhine."

"So when you hop over the  
trenches with us,  
Pay no heed to his 'Kamerad'  
mania,  
But get into him with your bayo-  
net, the cuss,  
And remember the sunk Lusit-  
ania!"

"You can never forgive such a  
treacherous bound—  
Giving that name insults any  
dog—  
And a ripe lasting friendship  
square dinkum we'll found  
When we've passed through the  
war's grimy fog."

"—Aussie," the Australian Sol-  
diers' Magazine.

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## RUSSIAN PEACE POTS NO DAMPER ON HOME SPIRIT

Attitude Is One of Earnest  
Sympathy for a Blindly  
Struggling People

### NATIONAL POLITICS BEGINS

Widespread Interest in Apparent  
Reconciliation of Progressives  
and Old Line Republicans

### ENORMOUS CUT IN MEAT BILL

Saving of 14,000,000 Pounds in  
Four Months Largely Result  
of Voluntary Action

By J. W. MULLER  
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS  
AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND  
STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The past  
week's big feature affecting the national  
mind was, of course, the sensational Rus-  
sian news presented by the newspapers  
with its full weight and leaving no  
American ignorant of its import.

There is a pretty clear understanding  
everywhere of what it means, but ap-  
parently no disturbance at all of the  
public spirit. I believe that while people  
were more or less perplexed by the  
welter of contradictory Russian reports  
during the past few months, they came  
to the conclusion long ago, with char-  
acteristic American quiet, practical  
sense, that Russia was out of the run-  
ning, and last week's news was only  
what they had been expecting in one  
form or another.

The most prominent quality of the  
public attitude is the almost complete  
lack of hot anger against the Russians.  
The general sentiment appears to be one  
of earnest sympathy for the big, blindly  
struggling multitude, and an unselfish  
hope that they will yet win their own  
true system of free and good govern-  
ment.

This attitude is not due to policy, but  
to the native democratic spirit of the  
American people. This is very gratify-  
ing because it indicates that when the  
time comes, the American nation may  
be expected to take its part in the  
settlement of world questions in a big,  
broad spirit of justice.

Much of the present spirit of confi-  
dence is due to the people's glad knowl-  
edge that America has stepped before  
the world with an utter repudiation of  
secrecy in international relations. I be-  
lieve that this one fact has enhanced the  
national strength to a degree that most  
American publicists have not begun to  
conceive.

Shipyard Inquiry Starts

This week the Senate investigation of  
the Hog Island shipyard begins. This  
shipyard is one of the largest engaged  
on work for the emergency fleet. When  
the charges of vast extravagance were  
made, they were received with remark-  
able quietness by the public, and prompt  
and open executive and Congressional  
action toward a full investigation plainly  
satisfied the country that it could de-  
pend on getting the full truth.

National common sense long ago told  
us that in a time of huge undertakings  
we must expect some failures, perhaps  
many, to measure up to the general  
public ideals. But such cases will not  
affect American morale so long as the  
country feels sure that the President and  
Congress boldly and openly hunt the of-  
fenders out.

The newspaper attitude toward the  
Hog Island affair is very good. The  
press is waiting for the full facts be-  
fore attacking or defending.

Last week saw the beginning of  
national politics with the election of

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## FARTHEST NORTH IN AMERICANISM



They call it the Lorraine line. It is only a single series of kinks in the great unbroken chain that stretches from  
the Swiss border to the North Sea, but it is already a familiar name in some 48 States.  
Scarcely the Lorraine line, or at least as much of it as is shown here, is rather small potatoes. Whatever its  
scenery might have been, it has been pretty well matted up during the past three and a half years. The three young  
men, in company with several others not shown, are there to see that the musing-up process doesn't go any further.  
Perhaps they haven't had very much to do yet—it's not for us to say—but the main thing is that they're there  
and ready. Peary didn't have much to do when he got to the North Pole. But he got there. These fellows haven't  
reached it yet, but they represent farthest North for the legions who are to follow.  
The road lies straight ahead. This little band of explorers is awaiting the moment and, in the meanwhile, see-  
ing to it that the way never points backward.

## MANY STARS REFUSE TO SIGN CONTRACTS

Big League Baseball En-  
joys War of Its Own  
Over 1918 Salaries

SOLDIERS KEEN FOR BIG SIX  
So Reds WH Train Near Camp  
Sheridan, Ala., and Take On  
All Army Teams

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND  
STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Baseball  
managers and their players are enjoy-  
ing a little war of their own, with the  
salaries of the men as the objective.  
Managers are declaring solemnly that  
they will not pay high salaries to the  
players during these hard times. But  
the players are merely sawing wood  
cheerfully and point significantly to the  
close approach of the spring training  
season.

Meantime, the fans view the man-  
agers' talk of putting baseball on a busi-  
ness basis with dubious thoughts in their  
minds, but cheered by the fact that the  
managers, while crying economy, are  
gunning merrily for one another's stars.  
But there have been few bag tags thus  
far. Each club appears to be holding  
fast to its stars.

The sensation caused by the rumor  
that the New York Yankees might grab  
the famous Ty Cobb from the Detroit  
Tigers was short-lived, and there is no  
sign now that Ty Cobb intends to stray or  
to be enticed from his present berth.

Big Six in Luck

Christy Mathewson played such good  
checkers at Camp Sheridan, Ala., re-  
cently while visiting there, that the  
soldier boys have persuaded the Y.M.C.A.  
to bring the Cincinnati Reds to the camp  
for their spring training.

The Y.M. pays half of the expenses  
and the Montgomery board of trade pays  
the other half, giving the Reds their  
spring training work free of charge.

There is only one fly in the ointment.  
An Army officer will probably umpire  
the games played in the camp, which

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## YANKEES LEARN BIG GAME HUNT IN LIVE SECTOR

Famous French Battalion  
Welcomes Troops to the  
Chemin des Dames

BIG CAVES FOR BARRACKS  
Shelters Wreathed From Hun Last  
October Put at Service of  
Newcomers

ENEMY GUNS SOON ON JOB  
But Not a Single Shell Falls Near  
Enough to Do Slightest  
Damage

By LINCOLN EYRE  
Correspondent of the "New York World" with  
the A.E.F.

To "hunt in company with trained  
huntsmen savage beasts fenced in by our  
barbed wire," as a French corps com-  
mander phrased it, certain A.E.F. troops  
have gone into the line in the Chemin  
des Dames sector of the western front.  
They are the first new units to take  
their place on the front.

The troops began moving into the  
trenches in Soissons—scene of some of  
the bitterest battles of the war—late in  
February. Their progress to this new  
zone of American military enterprise  
was carried out with far less hardship  
and stress than the hike of the regi-  
ments in the line northwest of Toul.  
They traveled in troop trains and the  
time spent en route, from the training  
area to the rail heads in the region,  
seldom exceeded 18 hours. A brigade  
commander who had allowed 24 hours  
as a minimum found, when he rolled up  
in his automobile, that his troops were  
there ahead of him.

French General's Welcome

The first American battalion to de-  
train was received by a guard of honor  
consisting of a crack French battalion,  
and the ceremony of saluting the colors  
was gone through to music of combined  
French and American bands. The com-  
mander of the French Army corps under  
whose jurisdiction the men came, kissed  
the Stars and Stripes and made a little  
speech of welcome to the newcomers.

He is one of half a dozen French gen-  
erals known the world over, having com-  
manded one of the great armies of  
France in the first months of the war.  
He received me and two other corres-  
pondents who were the first privileged  
to visit the American front, and reiterated  
the greeting he had addressed to the  
troops a couple of days before.

I am glad to have your troops be-  
side us fighting for the common cause.  
We receive them not as guests, but as  
brothers, and we ask them to share with  
us on common terms the perils and pri-  
vations of our own men have so long en-  
dured. Our sympathy, with a full com-  
prehension of one another, will be deep  
rooted. I trust that even the difference  
of language is no bar—perhaps it is  
even helpful, for one cannot dispute  
with a man whose language one cannot  
speak.

"A Hunt of Savage Beasts"

"Your young soldiers are like thor-  
oughbreds, eager to spring into a gal-  
lop. Our own pollus, clearly realizing  
the strain and tremendous effort to be  
required of them, are content to go  
ahead at a steady trot, conserving their  
energies to reach the end of the course.  
Too much galloping at the start is dan-  
gerous in a long race."

"Let us put it another way. War on  
this front is a hunt of savage beasts  
fenced in by our barbed wire. To hunt  
them successfully, requires a thorough  
knowledge of their habits and the best  
methods of destroying them. One must  
go hunting in company with trained  
huntsmen until one is familiar with  
the treacherous wiles of these beasts.  
Once one has mastered the game, one  
can hunt alone."

Practically all the units in Soissons  
are quartered in places wrested from the  
Germans less than a year ago in the

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## TIN SOLDIERS' PROVE METTLE IN FIRST RAIDS

Night Forays on Chemin  
des Dames Give Men  
Long-Sought Chance

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR TWO  
Wild Irish Exceed Objective and  
Romp Through German  
Trenches 750 Meters

LIVE SOUVENIRS FOR COLONEL  
Surprise Visit Across Line Without  
Preparatory Barrage Nets 15  
Boche Prisoners

By FRANK P. SIBLEY  
Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the  
A.E.F.; the Only Correspondent Living With  
the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

The Yankees tumbled out in the dusk,  
marched to the front side of the shell-  
splattered hills below the Chemin des  
Dames, and took position. Their reserves  
were in the tortuous tunnels of the four  
or five quarries that have supplied half  
the limestone of which Paris is built;  
their company headquarters were in  
woodchuck burrows along the paths  
down to the flat, and the battalions at the  
front were not in trenches, but in  
"strong points," here and there, facing  
the woods and the canal and the bastin  
and the river and the hills beyond where  
the Boche has his being and his batteries.

These Yankees are green troops, just  
completing their training. They had had  
fine recommendations from the French  
officers who trained them. They had  
shown good, and had earned the belief  
of their commander that he could tell  
his own men by their countenances—and  
they hated themselves terribly. And now,  
in the final period of training, they were  
checked into the front line against the  
stiffest fighters in the world. The French,  
however, did not leave the untrained men  
to their own devices, but went along  
as counselors and friends.

First "Tin Soldier" Shot Fired

For a day or two, all was quiet along  
the sector. Fritz sent over his usual  
munitions in the shape of shells from 10 to 4  
each day, trying especially for the en-  
trances to the caves of the reserve, and,  
of course, for the battery positions.

The American artillery won the first  
commendation of the French. These "tin  
soldiers," as they used to be called, sent  
their heavy guns to the front of the  
infantry, and on Tuesday, February 5, at  
3:45 p. m., fired the first "tin soldier"  
shot of the war from the first gun of the  
first section of the first battery of the  
first regiment of the division. The  
delighted and peppery colonel from  
Brookline grabbed the empty cartridge  
box and took it to his dug-out, where it now  
adorns the mantel.

The main point was that that gun  
was fired "in position." It has been in  
position ever since, and with all the rest  
of the guns in all the batteries has put  
up barrage after barrage with an ac-  
curacy that has won high praise from  
the French observers.

Before the end of the first week, and  
while the men were still getting used to  
watching for gas shells, there began to be  
a demand for action. The plans were  
making for raids, raids to get prisoners  
rather than positions, and information  
and experience rather than military ad-  
vantages. But the men, not knowing  
this, began to ask when we were going  
to start something.

A confidence that was over-confidence  
in some cases made its appearance. The  
first casualty was of a young man who,  
hearing a noise out beyond the wire,  
started off all alone to get the first  
Boche prisoner. It was utterly against  
orders, of course—but he went. Coming  
back, he missed his direction, and ap-  
proached a machine gun post. The  
chime gunners challenged, got no answer,  
and fired, killing the boy.

One other man lost his life by displac-  
ing the Boche. He tried to pass an open  
space, and a machine gun across the way  
got him.

Across to the German Wire

On February 14, the orders came out  
for a raid the next night towards  
a certain position. An American  
lieutenant and 20 men, with a ser-  
geant, went in company with a French  
group. The party got across all right to  
the German wire, and explored it for a  
length of 300 meters. Their task com-  
pleted, so near the Boche that they  
could hear them coughing, they started  
home again. Halfway across, they saw  
between them and their own lines the  
silhouettes